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This reprint, one may safely say, is the most valuable contribution to mystical literature since the "*Theologia Germanica*."

With the help of wide margins and thick, soft, yellow paper, "John the Baptist"* fills out a large square apple-green volume. This is a terrible play in its brevity, truth and dramatic command—bare and bald as a fleshless skeleton and almost as dreadful. It is the work of a master who feels, for the moment, not weakened, only very old and very tired. Salome and Herodias smile subtly like a pair of Leonardo's women; and the common people, oppressed by Rome and the Law, stagger in the streets and faint in the desert just as Holbein might have painted them. But the figure of the precursor is racked with the pangs of this, our own century, torn with our doubts, wasted with our questionings. A power is on him greater than himself; and dimly he finds out that the clue to the universe is not wrath, but love; and in the light of that knowledge he goes smiling to the marriage feast; for "out of no man's mouth may the name of sin sound, save out of the mouth of one that loveth."

The author of "Sodom's Ende," "Johannesfeuer" and "Die Ehre" is a great master and a man of great ideas, and he never quite forgets his wrath against the mammon of unrighteousness. "Renegades will ye be unto all eternity," he cries, "ye men of universal utility who manure your acres with the blood of those who have died for you." He has chosen here to utter once more a pain deeper than our social travail, and—being himself—he offers no anodyne, only a clue. A poignant book like this, however grim, sinister and austere, is yet a poignant good.

"Tono-Bungay"† is a novel, big, human, noble, serious, vital, worth while. Here are not the conventions of the novel or the theatre, but the concerns of real people, their dominant pre-occupations and their scale of values. Mr. Shaw, too, has tried to show these, but he does not convince because his figures are hollow inside despite their wit and sentiment. George Ponderevo is not hollow inside. While not so great, he is as faithfully portrayed, as absolutely real, as Emma Bovary. Furthermore, here

* "John the Baptist." By Herman Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. New York: John Lane & Co., 1909.

† "Tono-Bungay." By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co., 1909.